

THE BATTLE AND THE BREEZE

RECITER

A CALL TO ARMS

FLING out your banners, England,
And spread your sails abroad,
Humanity is calling you
To wield a righteous sword ;
To stay the hand of slaughter
And break the teeth of pride,
And succour the defenceless
Of Europe's countryside.
To fight the foes of freedom
Let all the world combine,
And crush the brutal power
Of the Hohenzollern line.

They are no gallant soldiers
Who fight in honour's cause,
Upholding Truth and Righteousness
With liberty and laws ;
They are but ruthless despots
Who trample Truth and Right.
Their only law—convenience,
Their only weapon—might.
There is no rest for justice,
There is no calm for peace,
Till with the Hohenzollerns
The lust of power shall cease.

2 BATTLE AND BREEZE RECITER

When soldier fights with soldier
The struggle is of might,
And so they strive with honour,
May God defend the right.
But when they war with peasants,
The woman and the child,
And innocence is butchered,
And virtue is defiled,
The cry brings earth and heaven
To one sublime accord
And angels come recruiting
To battle for the Lord.

We have no feud with yeoman,
This is no people's war,
The conscript is a bondsman
Of military law,
Who has to fight to order,
Assenting if he can,
Or failing, leave his native land
To live an honest man ;
But once the Militarists
Are sleeping in their graves,
The whole world may be free again
And never more be slaves.

Fling out your banners, England,
Nor sheathe the sword again,
Till victory has crowned your arms
With triumphs that remain ;
Till broken is the power
Of mad imperial pride,
The law of might, or wrong or right,
By cowards deified.

We fight the foes of freedom,
Let all the world combine
And end the impious hauteur
Of the Hohenzollern line.

The bubble reputation
Of war's red bubble burst,
Fling out another banner
More noble than the first,
The flag of emulation
In learning, art, and song,
To cheer the path of duty,
To clear the way of wrong ;
Till men shall honour Reason
All other force above,
And all shall hold it treason
To break the law of Love.

ALFRED H. MILES.

TO ARMS

"To arms !" the maddening bugles call ;
Make ready—ready for the fray.
Be true to Britain, one and all,
We fight for life or death to-day.
Who speaks to England's sons of shame ?
Nay, war, if war must be, we wage
For England's name, and England's fame,
And England's royal heritage !

Is it forgotten with the years,
That lesson learnt with shame and woe,
With dark defeat and bitter tears,
When Nelson conquered, long ago ?

4 BATTLE AND BREEZE RECITER

The storms that lower above to-day,
Shall break in thunders mightier far ;
The flag that holds the seas in sway
Float o'er a later Trafalgar !

Firm as thou standest, Ocean Queen,
Resistless on thy inviolate strand,
Far o'er the watching world are seen
The gleamings of thy half-drawn brand.
High o'er the shrine of Britain's fame
Floats thy broad banner wide unfurled ;
The flag that knows no stain of shame,
The victor-flag of half the world !

The thunder of thy battle-line
Shall echoing sound from deep to deep,
For, challenged o'er the Channel brine,
Thy couchant lion wakes from sleep.
Go forth against thy vaunting foe ;
Go forth exulting in thy might :
And let the voice of battle show,
That right is might ; and might is right ! .

CICELY FOX SMITH.

THE KAISER'S DREAM

IN the great palace of Berlin
The Kaiser sat alone ;
The greatest man who ever sat
Upon the greatest throne !
And gazing on his mailed fist
With wild and frenzied eye,
Ambition fused—and thus he mused
In mad soliloquy.

"The fame of Agamemnon
 Is buried with the past ;
 Miltiades, Themistocles,
 Have scarce survived the blast.
 The fame of Alexander
 But rests upon the tears
 That mourned the dearth of blood, on earth,
 To slake his thirsty years ;

"Forgotten are the Scipios,
 The Cæsars are no more,
 Napoleon's name were lost to fame,
 Were mine but to the fore ;
 Gone are the soldiers, I alone
 The scourge of God may bear,
 I will make Europe all my own
 And reign unrivalled there !

"From Europe on to Asia,
 From Asia to the East,
 O'er sea and land with high command
 And wealth and power increased ;
 Till over every harbour,
 And fortress, is unfurled
 The flag of Hohenzollern
 To dominate the world !

"The white flag of the altruist
 Is not for men and boys ;
 Go ! hang it in the nursery
 To mock the children's toys !
 Or on the cloister walls at e'en
 With summer winds to play,—
 The gospel of the Nazarene
 Has had its little day.

6 BATTLE AND BREEZE RECITER

“The God of all the earth is might
And force the soul of war !
Who would renew the world must fight
And rule with iron law,
Unhindered by the tenderfoot,
Uncurbed by coward tears,
And so re-form the modern world
Worthy its olden years.

“So will I dare the fields of fame
By Alexander missed.”
(The Kaiser named his own great name,
And raised his mailed fist.)

“The day ! the day ! the day of days !
The harvest of the years !
I will uplift this little world
And battle with the spheres !

“The flag of Hohenzollern
For ever to the fore,
Say what could heaven want better
And what can earth need more ?
I will fulfil my mission,
The universe shall see
What a new heaven and earth are like
—Made in Germany !”

The Kaiser rose with lordly air
And touched a mystic bell,
Then paused and listened, “Are you there ?”
The answer came from—well—
He heard the voice, and knew the tone,
As music-like it fell ;
But its number on the telephone
No human tongue can tell. (? **773H**)

ALFRED H. MILES.

ENGLAND GOES TO BATTLE

Now, glory to our England,
 She arises, calm and grand,
 The ancient spirit in her eyes,—
 The good sword in her hand !
 Our royal right on battle-ground
 Was aye to bear the brunt :
 Ho ! brave heart, with one passionate bound,
 Take the old place in front !
 Now, glory to our England,
 As she rises, calm and grand,
 The ancient spirit in her eyes,—
 The good sword in her hand !

Who would not fight for England ?
 Who would not fling a life
 I' the ring, to meet a tyrant's gage,
 And glory in the strife ?
 Her stem is thorny, but doth burst
 A glorious Rose a-top !
 And shall our proud Rose wither ? First
 We'll drain life's dearest drop !
 Who would not fight for England ?
 Who would not fling a life
 I' the ring, to meet a tyrant's gage,
 And glory in the strife ?

To battle goes our England,
 As gallant and as gay
 As lover to the altar, on
 A merry marriage-day.
 A weary night she stood to watch
 The clouds of dawn up-rolled ;

8 BATTLE AND BREEZE RECITER

And her young heroes strain to match
The valour of the old.
To battle goes our England,
As gallant and as gay
As lover to the altar, on
A merry marriage-day.

Now, fair befall our England,
On her proud and perilous road :
And woe and wail to those who make
Her footprints wet with blood.
Up with our red-cross banner—roll
A thunder-peal of drums !
Fight on there, every valiant soul
Have courage ! England comes !
Now, fair befall our England,
On her proud and perilous road :
And woe and wail to those who make
Her footprints wet with blood !

Now, victory to our England !
And where'er she lifts her hand
In Freedom's fight, to rescue Right,
God bless the dear Old Land !
And when the Storm hath passed away,
In glory and in calm,
May she sit down i' the green o' the day,
And sing her peaceful psalm !
Now, victory to our England !
And where'er she lifts her hand
In Freedom's fight, to rescue Right,
God bless the dear Old Land !

GERALD MASSEY.

OUR VOLUNTEER ARMY

CONSCRIPTION ? Never ! The word belongs
To foes of Freedom and friends of wrongs

And unto them alone !

The first and worst of the tyrant's terms
Barbed to spike at the writhing worms
That crawl about his throne.

Only the mob at a despot's heels
Would juggle a man at Fortune's wheels,
Or conjure one with the die that reels

From the lip of the dice-cup thrown !

The soldier forced to the field of fight,
With never a reck of the wrong or right,

Wherever a flag may wave—

By the toss of a coin, or a number thrown—
Fights with a will that is not his own,
A victim and a slave !

Right is Might in ever a fight,

And Truth is Bravery,

And the Right and True are the Ready, too,
When the bolt is hurl'd in the peaceful blue

By the hand of Knavery,

And the land that fears for its Volunteers
Is a Land of Slavery.

Compulsion ? Never ! The word is dead
In a land of Freedom born and bred

Of old in the years of yore,

Where all by the laws of Freedom wrought
May do as they will who will as they ought
And none desire for more.

10 BATTLE AND BREEZE RECITER

Who brooks no spur has need of none,
Who needs a spur is a traitor son,
And all are ready and all are one,
 When Freedom calls to the fore !
The soldier forced to the field of war
By the iron hand of a tyrant law
 Wherever a flag may wave,
And the press'd, at best but a coward's best,
Fight with the bitter, sullen zest
 And the ardour of a slave !

Or ever a Free land needs a son
To follow the flag with pike or gun
 Upon the field of war,
There's never a need to seek for one
In the dice's throw, or the number's run,
 Or the iron grip of the law ;—
All are ready, where all are free,
With never a spur and never a fee,
To fight and 'fend the liberty
 That Freemen hold in awe.

The Volunteer is a son sincere,
And ready, or ever the cause appear,
 Whole-hearted, free as brave—
Ready at call to sally forth
From east and west, and south and north,
 Wherever the flag may wave,
With never a selfish thought to mar
The sacrifice of the holy war,
 And never a self to save.
And the flag shall float in the blue on high
Till the last of the Volunteers shall die,
And Hell shall tear it out of the sky—
 From Freedom's trampled grave !

ALFRED H. MILES.

ARMAGEDDON

MARCHING down to Armageddon—

Brothers, stout and strong !

Let us cheer the way we tread on

With a soldier's song !

Faint we by the weary road,

Or fall we in the rout,

Dirge or Pæan, Death or Triumph !—

Let the song ring out !

We are they who scorn the scorers—

Love the lovers—hate

None within the world's four corners—

All must share our fate ;

We are they whose common banner

Bears no badge or sign,

Save the Light that dyes it white,

The Hope that makes it shine.

We are they whose bugle rings,

That all wars may cease ;

We are they who pay the Kings

Their cruel price for peace ;

We are they whose steadfast watchword

Is what Christ did teach—

“ Each man for his brother first—

And Heaven, then, for each.”

We are they who will not falter—

Many swords or few—

Till we make this earth the altar

Of a worship new ;

We are they who will not take

From palace, priest, or code

A meaner law than “ Brotherhood,”

A lower Lord than God.

12 BATTLE AND BREEZE RECITER

Marching down to Armageddon—
Brothers, stout and strong !
Ask not why the way we tread on
Is so rough and long !
God will tell us when our spirits
Grow to grasp His plan !
Let us do our part to-day—
And help Him, helping man !

Shall we even curse the madness
Which, for “ends of State,”
Dooms us to the long, long sadness
Of this human hate ?
Let us slay in perfect pity
Those that must not live ;
Vanquish and forgive our foes—
Or fall—and still forgive !

We are those whose unpaid legions,
In free ranks arrayed,
Massacred in many regions—
Never once were stayed :
We are they whose torn battalions,
Trained to bleed, not fly,
Make our agonies a triumph—
Conquer, while we die !

Therefore down to Armageddon—
Brothers, bold and strong !
Cheer the glorious way we tread on
With the soldiers' song !
Let the armies of old flags
March in silent dread !
Death and life are one to us
Who fight for Quick and Dead.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

AUSTRALIA SPEAKS

WHAT is the news to-day, Boys ?
 Have they fired the signal gun ?
 We answer but one way, Boys,
 We are ready for the fray, Boys,
 All ready and all one !

They shall not say we boasted
 Of deeds that would be done ;
 Or sat at home and toasted ;
 We are marshalled, drilled, and posted,
 All ready and all one !

We are not as driven cattle
 That would the conflict shun,
 They have to test our mettle
 As *Volunteers* of Battle,
 All ready and all one !

The life-streams of the Mother
 Through all her youngsters run,
 And brother stands by brother,
 To die with one another,
 All ready and all one.

GERALD MASSEY.

CANADA SPEAKS

SHALL we break the plight of youth,
 And pledge us to an alien love ?
 No ! We hold our faith and truth,
 Trusting to the God above.
 Stand, Canadians, firmly stand,
 Round the flag of Fatherland.

14 BATTLE AND BREEZE RECITER

Britain bore us in her flank,
Britain nursed us at our birth,
Britain reared us to our rank
'Mid the nations of the earth.
Stand, Canadians, firmly stand,
Round the flag of Fatherland.

In the hour of pain and dread,
In the gathering of the storm,
Britain raised above our head
Her broad shield and sheltering arm.
Stand, Canadians, firmly stand,
Round the flag of Fatherland.

O triune kingdom of the brave,
O sea-girt island of the free,
O empire of the land and wave,
Our hearts, our hands, are all for thee.
Stand, Canadians, firmly stand,
Round the flag of Fatherland.

J. T. LESPÉRANCE.

THE VANGUARD

WE, the vanguard of the nation in the lands of
desolation,
We who live and die unknown,
We who spend our days in sorrow for the people
of to-morrow,
And the land we call our own.
For the bearing of our burden do we win no
worthy guerdon—
For our labour and our pain ?
Do we battle unavailing, struggling, triumphing,
and failing—
Live our lives out all in vain ?

Nay : tho' in the noble story of Old England's
deeds of glory

Honoured names we have not won ;
Tho' the seed that we are sowing be not ready
for the mowing,

Ere our days on earth be done,—
In the jungle's tangled fastness, lonely bush and
desert vastness,

Boundless veldt and steaming plain,
Do the vanguard of a nation for a future generation
Toil and suffer—not in vain !

For the seed we sow in sorrow shall be garnered
on the morrow

By the people yet unborn,
And across the darkness breaking, all the land
to hope awaking,

Flushes up the rose of morn.
Each may do what will not perish for the land
that Britons cherish

Ere he take his journey hence ;
And the British banner flying o'er the spot where
he lay dying

Is the soldier's recompense !

CICELY FOX SMITH.

OUR BOYS IN BLUE

COME, show your colours now, my lads,

That all the world may know
The Boys are equal to their dads
Whatever blasts may blow !

All hands aboard ! the country calls
On her sea-faring folk ;

In giving up our wooden walls
More need of hearts of oak !

Remember how that old Fire-Drake
 Would singe the Spaniard's beard ;
 And think how Raleigh, Nelson, Blake,
 Into their harbours steered.

Think how o' nights we cut them out !

'Twas many a time and oft—
 Silence—a rush—a tug—a shout—
 And the old flag flew aloft !

Be it one to seven, be it hell or heaven,—

We fought our decks red-wet !

Be it hell or heaven, be it one to seven,—

We fear no foeman yet.

At every port-hole there shall flame

The same fierce battle face ;

All worthy of the old sea fame—

All of the old Sea Race.—GERALD MASSEY.

THE YOUNG SALT'S CHALLENGE

HURRAH!—The *Dolphin* dashing

Over the saucy sea ;

Hurrah ! Old Boreas lashing

Her white sails merrily ;

The sun is rolling overhead

The rough sea heaves below ;

We sail, with every canvas spread :

Let go ! my lads—let go !

Peaceful is our vocation,

We have no thought of strife

Save in the storm's vexation

To succour human life ;

And simple are our pleasures,

We need no miser's hoard,

But haul the great sea's treasures

To spread a frugal board.

But if at usurpation

We needs must strike a blow,
The duties of our station

Befit us for the foe ;

Then let the despot's strength compete

Upon the open sea,

And on the proudest of his fleet

Our flag shall flutter free !

A. H. M.

THE OLD SALT'S TRUST

THEY say of Sir Humphrey Gilbert that, sailing
the western sea,

The sailors had fears of a tempest, but never a
fear had he ;

"For God is as near by sea as by land," he said
with sturdy cheer,

And home through the dark to England he bade
the helmsman steer.

The two ships ploughed the waters, and the
heavy night grew black,

The clouds came over the quiet stars and hid
them with their rack ;

And through the storm and the darkness each
ship for the other's light

Watched eagerly, but Sir Humphrey went home
to God that night.

And whenever a sudden flurry drives my boat
before the blast,

I think of that stout old sailor and know, with
the sky o'ercast,

That God is as near by sea as by land ; and how
can I feel dismay

When into His hand my will is given, and for Him
I go or stay !—LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH.

THE DAY

You boasted the Day, and you toasted the Day,
And now the Day has come.

Blasphemer, braggart, and coward all,
Little you reck of the numbing ball,
The blasting shell, or the "white arm's" fall,
As they speed poor humans home.

You spied for the Day, you lied for the Day,
And woke the Day's red spleen.
Monster, who asked God's aid Divine,
Then strewed His seas with the ghastly mine;
Not all the waters of all the Rhine
Can wash thy foul hands clean.

You dreamed for the Day, you schemed for the
Watch how the Day will go. [Day;
Slayer of age and youth and prime
(Defenceless slain for never a crime),
Thou art steeped in blood as a hog in slime,
False friend and cowardly foe.

You have sown for the Day, you have grown for
Yours is the Harvest red. [the Day,
Can you hear the groans and the awful cries?
Can you see the heap of slain that lies,
And sightless turned to the flame-split skies
The glassy eyes of the dead?

You have wronged for the Day, you have longed
That lit the awful flame. [for the Day
'Tis nothing to you that hill and plain
Yield sheaves of dead men amid the grain;
That widows mourn for their loved ones slain,
And mothers curse thy name.

But after the Day there's a price to pay
 For the sleepers under the sod,
 And He you have mocked for many a day—
 Listen, and hear what He has to say :
 " Vengeance is mine, I will repay."
 What can you say to God ?

HENRY CHAPPELL, *by permission.*

OUR ISLAND HOME

THERE's a doughty little Island in the ocean—
 The dainty little darling of the free ;
 That pulses with the patriot's emotion,
 And the palpitating music of the sea :
 She is first in her loyalty to duty ;
 She is first in the annals of the brave ;
 She is first in her chivalry and beauty,
 And first in the succour of the slave !
 Then here's to the pride of the ocean !
 Here's to the pearl of the sea !
 Here's to the land of the heart and the hand
 That fight for the right of the free !
 Here's to the spirit of duty,
 Bearing her banners along—
 Peacefully furled in the van of the world
 Or waving and braving the wrong.

There's an open-hearted fellow in the island,
 Who loves the little Island to the full ;
 Who cultivates the lowland and the highland
 With a lover's loving care—John Bull !
 His look is the welcome of a neighbour ;
 His hand is the offer of a friend ;
 His word is the liberty of labour ;
 His blow the beginning of the end.

Then here's to the Lord of the Island ;
 Highland and lowland and lea ;
 And here's to the team—be it horse, be it steam—
 He drives from the sea to the sea.
 Here's to his nod for the stranger ;
 Here's to his grip for a friend ;
 And here's to the hand, on the sea, or the land,
 Ever ready the right to defend.

There's a troop of trusty children from the Island
 Who've planted Englands up and down the sea ;
 Who cultivate the lowland and the highland
 And fly the gallant colours of the free :
 Their hearts are as loyal as their mother's ;
 Their hands are as ready as their sire's ;
 Their bond is a union of brothers,—
 Who fear not a holocaust of fires !

Here's to the sons of the nation,
 Now in the front of the line
 Staying the fell devastation
 Keeping a watch on the Rhine.
 Here's to the comrades beside them,
 The French and the Belgians and all,
 Who fight for the free, on the land and the sea,
 For ever, whatever befall !
 Hark ! to the wail of the woman !
 Answer the cry of the child !
 Lain by a monster inhuman,
 Disfigured, dishonoured, defiled.
 Up ! from the desk and the counter !
 Up ! from the plough and the loom !
 Strike for the right in the thick of the fight
 And give the proud traitor his doom.

A. H. M.

THE TWO GUNS

A FLINTLOCK over the mantel hung,
 Rusted with years nigh seven-score ;
 And it spake, in a queer, colonial tongue,
 With a comrade Krag from the Spanish war.
 Quoth the flintlock: " How is the world, my
 Has the universal peace come true ? [friend ?
 I fancy that fighting has found an end,
 And nothing is left for us to do."
 Answered the other: " Well, John and Sam
 Are furbishing, now, their soldiering kits—
 But the latest scare-head cablegram
 Will tell who next have put on the mitts."
 " Ah!" sighed the flintlock. " The blood *I*'ve spilled!
 For murderous days were mine, God wot!
 Two hundred paces away I've killed!
 My master, friend, was a deadly shot."
 But the Krag replied (as again he sighed):
 " Can you bore a hole through a ten-foot tree ?
 From two miles off *I* a kill have tried—
 And I hear my successors are good for three !"
 " But, listen, youngster !" the flintlock said.
 " Six shots a minute I've fired, full oft !
 And at every shot a ball was sped !"
 Yet his smiling companion only scoffed.
 " Old chap, the rawest of raw recruits
 At barbarous ways like yours would laugh !
 In this modern era a rifle shoots
 Five shots in a second and a half !"
 Crushed by the culture of the times,
 The rusted veteran now was still—
 While carolled abroad the Christmas chimes
 Their annual message: " Peace, goodwill !"
E. L. SABIN, *Puck*.

THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN

THEY say that life's a battle, lad, I think you'll
find it true ;

The same old conflict rages, tho' the weapons
may be new ;

But in every kind of warfare that is waged be-
neath the sun,

The contest is decided by the man behind the
gun.

There are many hidden dangers that a soldier
never sees—

Blind batteries to blast you, and sharpshooters
in the trees ;

And whether you will falter, or the foe will have
to run,

Will depend upon the mettle of the man behind
the gun.

There will come supremest moments in the battle
for the right,

When the deck is cleared for action, and the foe
is just in sight ;

Then, oh then, you must be ready ; for Manilas
are not won

When a sluggard or a coward is the man behind
the gun.

What tho' the foe grows boastful, and counts up
his array

Of armies and of battleships to fill you with
dismay—

Keep up your target practice—vict'ry's certain
as the sun !

For it's not the heavy cannon—it's the man
behind the gun !

ALICE ROLLIT COE.

ELIHU

“ O SAILOR, tell me, tell me true,
Is my little lad—my Elihu—

A-sailing in your ship ? ”

The sailor’s eyes were dimmed with dew.

“ Your little lad ? Your Elihu ? ”

He said with trembling lip ;

“ What little lad—what ship ? ”

What little lad ?—as if there could be
Another such a one as he !

“ What little lad, do you say ?

Why, Elihu, that took to the sea

The moment I put him off my knee.

It was just the other day

The *Grey Swan* sailed away.”

The other day ? The sailor’s eyes
Stood wide open with surprise.

“ The other day ?—the *Swan* ? ”

His heart began in his throat to rise.

“ Ay, ay, sir ; here in the cupboard lies
The jacket he had on.”

“ And so your lad is gone ! ”

“ Gone with the *Swan*.” “ And did she stand
With her anchor clutching hold of the sand

For a month, and never stir ? ”

“ Why, to be sure ! I’ve seen from the land,
Like a lover kissing his lady’s hand,

The wild sea kissing her—

A sight to remember, sir.”

“ But, my good mother, do you know,
All this was twenty years ago ?

I stood on the *Grey Swan*’s deck,

And to that lad I saw you throw—
 Taking it off, as it might be so—
 The kerchief from your neck ;
 Ay, and he'll bring it back.

“ And did the little lawless lad,
 That has made you sick and made you sad,
 Sail with the *Grey Swan's* crew ? ”

“ Lawless ! the man is going mad ;
 The best boy ever mother had ;
 Be sure, he sailed with the crew—
 What would you have him do ? ”

“ And he has never written line,
 Nor sent you word, nor made you sign,
 To say he was alive ? ”

“ Hold—if 'twas wrong, the wrong is mine ;
 Besides, he may be in the brine ;
 And could he write from the grave ?
 Tut, man ! what would you have ? ”

“ Gone twenty years ! a long, long cruise ;
 'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse ;
 But if the lad be still live,
 And come back home, think you you can
 Forgive him ? ” “ Miserable man !
 You're mad as the sea ; you rave—
 What have I to forgive ? ”

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
 And from within his bosom drew

The kerchief. She was wild :
 “ My God !—my Father !—is it true ?
 My little lad—my Elihu ?
 And is it ?—is it ?—is it you ?
 My blessed boy—my child—
 My dead—my living child ! ”

THE NEW DECALOGUE

(Made in Germany)

I

I AM the Kaiser ! Thou shalt have none other
gods but me !

II

Go make me graven images and bow the suppliant
knee,
And build me statues everywhere for all the
world to see !

III

Thou shalt not take my name in vain, but, twin
with the divine,
Give equal honour, under pain—the wrath of
“ Got ” or mine !

IV

Remember thou my natal day, and let it honoured
be
In all that thou shalt do and say, or—dare *lèse*
majesté !

V

Honour thy parents in so far as they may tutor
thee
To drill and train, in limb and brain, to live and
die for me !

VI

Thou shalt not kill, unless it be to further plans
of mine.
But all are foes who hinder me in ought that I
design.

26 BATTLE AND BREEZE RECITER

'Tis thine to fight the enemy and kill the foe
for me,
And to this end, both foe and friend subservient
must be.
Wherever there are foes afield, thy place is to
the fore ;
'Tis waste of time to succour yield, those who
can serve no more.
Thou shalt not hamper action, nor burden food
supplies
With profitless encumbrance of field activities.
The lightly wounded may be spared to fight the
foe again,
But worse,—intent beneficent may save from
further pain.
This is a long commandment, but force is
nature's law
And might is right, we live to fight, and all is
fair in war !

VII

Thou shalt no wanton act commit—it doth not
profit me.
No idle folly can befit a life of soldiery.
But if the needs of war require new terrors
to my name,
All peasants fear the scourge of fire and some are
cowed by shame !

VIII

Thou shalt not steal, save what thou needst, lest
thou shouldst, fighting, fall.
Thou hast no need to think of greed, I can do
that for all.

Nor shalt thou stay—speed on thy way to
 where the foe may be,
 And strike, and shoot, and leave the loot to
 my good sons and me!
 That might is right when nations fight is a
 great law divine,
 But all the right of German might centres in me
 and mine. Selah!

IX

Thou shalt not bear false witness—that can
 refuted be,—
 Mark what I say, and true, always—let that
 suffice for thee.
 By swift denial boldly borne meet every charge
 of shame,
 For be the witness true or false the answer is the
 same.

X

Thou shalt not covet ox, or ass, or ought that
 is not thine,
 For all the worth of all the earth is ultimately
 mine!
 The Iron Cross thou mayst desire, and fighting
 win or fall,
 But to no other fame aspire, for that transcends
 them all.
 And when I crown with victories the Earth,
 the Air, the Sea,
 Remember! All are Germany's, and Germany
 is ME!

A. H. M.

THE LARK'S NEST

(Not made in Germany)

FOOTSORE and travel-worn and faint,
 The veteran ranks, in faded blue,
 Turned from the highway's blistering track
 Across a meadow bright with dew.

The feet that pressed that yielding turf
 Had charged the rampart's slippery verge,—
 Bronzed brows, the morning sunlight kissed,
 Had faced the battle's storm and surge.

And the old banner fluttering free,
 To greet the welcoming breezes fain,
 Was stained through all its field of stars,
 And rent by showers of fiery rain.

"Halt!" Swift and sharp along the line
 They heard the ringing order pass,—
 "A lark's nest!" Lo! the mother bird
 Rose startled from the trembling grass!

"March!" Moved as by a single will,
 The column parts. Untouched between
 The young larks in their downy bed
 Nestle amid the clustering green.

A fearless thrill of half-fledged wings!
 A scarlet flash of opening beaks!
 And eyes that looked undimmed on death,
 Rain sudden drops down furrowed cheeks!

Ah! true the poet's lips that sang,
 The bravest hearts are tenderest!
 And safe the land whose heroes spare
 To trample e'en a wild bird's nest!

MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

(October 14, 1066)

HERALD of Norman William,
 So to Harold the King :
 " Wherefore array of battle ?
 Scandal to do this thing !
 Now by the holy relics,
 Now by the oath ye swore
 In the holy place—by our Lady's grace—
 Yield thee and say no more ! "

Herald of Norman William,
 So from Harold the King :
 " Oath in the shade of a dagger made
 Was never a binding thing :
 By the bones of my own proud fathers,
 By the hopes of my own fair dame,
 To force the oath was a scandal,
 To keep the oath were a blame.
 By our Lady's grace in the holy place
 I will bide the deed ye name ! "

High on the hill of Senlac
 Ambush and palisade,—
 Osier and rood—of the merry green wood—
 The oak and the ash-tree made—
 Held !—by fair-haired Saxons,
 Ruddy of head and hand ;
 Noble and yeoman, billman and bowman,
 Fighting for Fatherland.
 And in the centre standing,
 Under his banner free
 And wide of wing, Harold the King !
 Leofwin, Gyrth, and he—

Keen of glance for banner and lance,
 Looking towards the sea :
 Watching the Normans gather,
 Waiting the wide attack,—
 With never a movement forward,
 And never a movement back.

Slowly in great battalions,
 Over the hills they come,
 Bearing the holy banner,
 Blest by the Pope at Rome.
 Swiftly, without confusion—
 Speed without hurry,—there—
 Forming to right and forming to left,
 And leaving the centre bare ;
 Then into the centre rolling,
 Like a river of light and song,
 A glittering force of foot and horse
 Full thirty thousand strong.
 And hither the Duke advances,
 To lead the wide attack,
 With ever a movement forward,
 And never a movement back.

Herald of Norman William !
 “ One of these three abide !
 Yield me the right of kingdom ;
 Or, let the Pope decide ;
 Or give me single combat,
 And let what will betide ! ”

Herald of Norman William !
 “ —Harold the King replied !
 I will not yield thee kingdom,
 Nor let the Pope decide.

Nor suffer single combat,
And let what will betide !

“ ’Twere wrong to rest the issue
Upon my arms alone ;
This is my people’s quarrel.
And I but lead my own ;
Urge on the test of battle,
And God defend the throne ! ”

Herald of Norman William !
To Harold the King, again :
“ Take all beyond the Humber,
While I the rest retain ;
And give to Gyrth, thy brother,
All of the broad domain
Held by the Earl of Godwin :
Nor squander blood in vain ! ”

Herald of Norman William,
Once more : “ Harold the King !
We have no need of question,
Who to our birthright cling ;
My people are united,
And let us live or die,
Our final shout of charge or rout
Will menace or defy !
Enough of truce and treaty ;
There are no terms can be :—
This from us all, we fight and fall,
Or drive you to the sea ! ”

Onset and shock of battle,
Parry and thrust and ward ;
Ring of the armours rattle
As knights fall prone on the sward.

Neigh of the wounded charger,
 Shout of the stricken knight,
 Grind of heel as the horses reel,
 And men go down in their might.
 Crash !—and the breastplates batter,
 As the spear-point comes in play ;
 Clash !—and the helmets shatter,
 As the good sword cleaves its way :

Rally and charge and rally,
 Up to the hill in vain ;
 For the cry is “ Out ! ” and they strike who
 shout,
 Who never need strike again.
 “ Out ” from the Saxon yeomen,
 As they slash and hew and hack,
 But never a movement forward,
 And never a movement back.

Then, “ Sire, the horsemen weary,
 They storm the hill in vain ;
 For the host arrayed at the palisade
 But hurl them back again :
 And knights and squires are chafing,
 And the carles begin to fret,
 ‘ By the Holy Cross, we suffer loss,
 With never advantage yet ! ’ ”

For some the great Duke doubted,
 “ He is no more,” they said,
 “ We fight in vain for a leader slain,
 And we cannot crown the dead !
 Why wait we here for slaughter ?
 Why press we on to doom
 For a sceptre that is broken,
 And a throne that is a tomb ? ”

And then the great Duke William
 Rode helmless down the van,
 "I am not slain ! I am not slain !
 As ye may see who scan !
 I am not slain—who charge in vain,
 Have ever another plan :
 We lure who may not follow,
 We woo who cannot force ;
 In love or war ye may drive or draw,
 Whichever the wiser course.
 Entice them from their fastness,
 And face them on the plain,
 The speed of flight may win the fight,
 If but the flight we feign !
 Too late he rues his rashness,
 Who follows the snarers' track,
 And ever a movement forward
 Means never a movement back ! "

Anon the Saxon yeomen
 Beheld the Normans flee ;
 And with the cry—"They fly ! they fly !"
 Broke from their fastness free ;
 And like a mountain torrent
 That bursts reluctant bands,
 Swift, uncontroll'd, impetuous roll'd
 Over the level lands.
 Alas ! the ruse ! they rally
 As the Saxons flood the plain
 And whirling sweep o'er the surging heap
 Ere they halt and form again.
 Confusion darkens counsel.
 They fall who will not run,
 And the Normans ride o'er the stranded tide
 And the fight is lost and won.

Alas ! that England's courage,
 Should find her wisdom slack !
 That ever a movement forward
 Means never a movement back.

For Harold the King lay lifeless,
 Under a heap of slain
 (A bow drawn at a venture,
 Alas ! and not in vain).
 And Leofwin had fallen,
 And Gyrth was smitten down,
 And there was none of sire or son,
 To win and wear the crown.
 So on the great Duke William
 His gallant army led,
 "A final charge across the marge,
 And the land is ours," he said.
 "They cannot cope with fortune,
 They cannot fight with fate.
 The might of God is with us,
 And the death-angels wait."
 And sweeping all before him,
 He led the last attack,
 With ever a movement forward,
 And never a movement back.

.

Herald of Norman William !
 "So, from William the King,
 Gather ye all the forces,
 Camp them here in a ring !
 Under the vault of heaven,
 Bowing on bended knee,
 Praises to Him be given,
 Who giveth the victory !

“ Lo ! to the God of battles
 Here on the field of war,
 A tower shall rise to the vaulted skies
 To stand for right and law.
 And witness to all ages,
 And peoples near and far,
 To the end of days to His holy praise
 From whom all glories are.”

ALFRED H. MILES.

FREEDOM

MEN ! whose boast it is that ye
 Come of fathers brave and free,
 If there breathe on earth a slave,
 Are ye truly free and brave ?
 If ye do not feel the chain,
 When it works a brother's pain,
 Are ye not base slaves indeed,—
 Slaves unworthy to be freed ?

Women ! who shall one day bear
 Sons to breathe New England air,
 If ye hear, without a blush,
 Deeds to make the roused blood rush
 Like red lava through your veins,
 For your sisters now in chains,—
 Answer ! are ye fit to be
 Mothers of the brave and free ? .

Is true Freedom but to break
 Fetters for our own dear sake,
 And, with leathern hearts, forget
 That we owe mankind a debt ?

No ! true freedom is to share
 All the ehains our brothers wear,
 And, with heart and hand, to be
 Earnest to make others free !

They are slaves who fear to speak
 For the fallen and the weak ;
 They are slaves who will not ehoose
 Hatred, seoffing, and abuse,
 Rather than in silenee shrink
 From the truth they needs must think ;
 They are slaves who dare not be
 In the right with two or three.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE ARMADA

(1588)

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble
 England's praise,
 I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in
 aneient days,
 When that great Fleet Invincible against her
 bore, in vain,
 The riehest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts
 in Spain.

It was about the lovely elose of a warm summer
 day,
 There eame a gallant merchant-ship full sail to
 Plymouth Bay ;
 The erew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond
 Aurigny's isle,
 At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie heaving
 many a mile.

At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's
 especial grace ;
 And the tall *Pinta*, till the noon, had held her
 close in chase.
 Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was placed
 along the wall ;
 The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecombe's
 lofty hall ;
 Many a light fishing-bark put out, to pry along
 the coast ;
 And with loose rein, and bloody spur, rode
 inland many a post.

With his white hair, unbonneted, the stout old
 sheriff comes,
 Behind him march the halberdiers, before him
 sound the drums :
 The yeomen, round the market cross, make
 clear and ample space,
 For there behoves him to set up the standard of
 Her Grace :
 And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance
 the bells,
 As slow upon the labouring wind the royal
 blazon swells.
 Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient
 crown,
 And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay
 lilies down !
 So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that
 famed Picard field,
 Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's
 eagle shield :
 So glared he when, at Agincourt, in wrath he
 turned to bay,

38 BATTLE AND BREEZE RECITER

And crushed and torn, beneath his claws, the princely hunters lay.

Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight ! ho ! scatter flowers, fair maids !

Ho ! gunners ! fire a loud salute ! ho ! gallants ! draw your blades !

Thou, sun, shine on her joyously ! ye breezes, waft her wide !

Our glorious *semper eadem* ! the banner of our pride !

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold—

The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold :

Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea ;

Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,

That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day ;

For swift to east, and swift to west, the ghastly war-flame spread—

High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy Head :

Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,

Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.

The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,

The rugged miners poured to war, from Mendip's sunless caves,

O'er Longleat's towers, or Cranbourne's oaks, the
fiery herald flew,
And roused the shepherds of Stonehenge—the
rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang
out from Bristol town ;
And, ere the day, three hundred horse had
met on Clifton Down.

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth
into the night,
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, the streak
of blood-red light :
The bugle's note, and cannon's roar, the death-
like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal
city woke ;
At once, on all her stately gates, arose the
answering fires ;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her
reeling spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud
the voice of fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent
back a louder cheer :
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush
of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed
down each roaring street :

And broader still became the blaze, and louder
still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came
spurring in ;

40 BATTLE AND BREEZE RECITER

And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath,
the warlike errand went ;
And roused, in many an ancient hall, the gallant
squires of Kent :
Southward, from Surrey's pleasant hills, flew
those bright couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor, they
started for the north ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they
bounded still ;
All night from tower to tower they sprang, they
sprang from hill to hill ;
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's
rocky dales ;
Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy
hills of Wales ;
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Mal-
vern's lonely height ;
Till streamed in crimson, on the wind, the
Wrekin's crest of light ;
Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth, on
Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms, o'er all the
boundless plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln
sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er the wide
vale of Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's
embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the
burghers of Carlisle.

LORD MACAULAY.

THE WINNING OF CALES

(Cadiz, 1596)

THE Dons had determined to hazard a bout
with us ;

Bluff and bravado, and fire and sword !
And for the purpose of having it out with us
Sulked in their harbours and sauced us abroad.
Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, beating their drums,
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

Howard of Effingham, eager to fight with them,
Captains courageous, and knights of degree,
And noble Lord Essex to measure his might with
them,

Gathered their forces by land and by sea.
Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, beating their drums,
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

And oh ! but our colours flew many a flout at
them—

Braver ships never were seen under sail—
As hailing from Plymouth we sailing flew out
at them,

“ Now, bragging Spaniards, take heed to your
tale.”

Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, beating their drums,
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

Into Cales merrily danced we, and cheerily,
Where the king's navy at anchor did ride ;
Taking the Dons aback, tapping their butts of sack
Long ere they looked for us over the tide.
Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, beating their drums,
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

42 BATTLE AND BREEZE RECITER

And oh ! but we hurried them, worried them,
flurried them,

Lighting their beacons as on we advanced ;
Biding no leisure for hiding their treasure—
And oh ! the fandangos the dandy Dons
danced !

Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, beating their drums,
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

And oh ! but we hustled them, bustled them,
tussled them,

Singeing of whisker and pulling of beard ;
Toppled them overboard, scullion and overlord,
Gave them their fill of the fancies they feared.
Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, beating their drums,
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

Then hotter and keener, the men of Medina

Escaping the fire, leapt into the sea ;
'Twere better to drown than to burn with the
town,

And the chances were equal to fight or to flee.
Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, beating their drums,
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

The noble *St. Philip* was burnt to the waterway,
Burnt to the bottom and sunk in the wave ;
The noble *St. Andrew* and *Matthew* we brought
away,

Prizes to honour the true and the brave.
Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, beating their drums,
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

Lord Essex he landed, nor looked at his losses,
and

Horsemen and footmen march'd up to the
town ;

The Spaniards they fumbled their beads and
their crosses, and

Scowled from the ramparts, but dared not come
down.

Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, beating their drums,
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

Lord Essex, alighting, then called to his fighting
men

(Oh ! but Lord Essex was gallant as brave)—

“Honours for all of you, great men and small
of you,

So but the women and children you save.”

Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, beating their drums,
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

The Spaniard he heard, but he'd had quite
enough of it,

Fighting with never a hope he might win,

So he flew a white flag and, right under the
fluff of it,

Opened his gates and invited us in.

Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, beating their drums,
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

We entered their houses and frightened their
spouses,

Who sighed for the treasures we won by our
wit,

For who had not tarried had left to be harried,

The pie in the oven, the joint on the spit.

Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, beating their drums,
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

And all the rich treasures of merchandise,
measures

Of damask and satin, and velvet so rare,

44 BATTLE AND BREEZE RECITER

Our ravenous hordes measured out with their
swords,

And every man jack of us had a good share.
Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, beating their drums,
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

Lord Essex a-horse again, gathered his force again,
All in the market-place standing around,
The prisoners kneeled to us, vowed and appealed to
Crying for mercy, and mercy they found. [us,
Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, beating their drums,
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

And still as we waited the townsmen debated,
And would not redeem the fair town as they said,
So we lighted a fire—a funeral pyre—

To frighten the living and honour the dead,
And as the whole town was lit up with the flame,
Tantara, tantara, away we all came.

ALFRED H. MILES.

(Founded on a ballad in the Percy Collection)

THE SEA FIGHT AT KJÖGE IN 1710

BEFORE the city Kjöge
The bay is deep and wide,
And ships of far-off nations
Through the grey waters ride.
There dips the skimming swallow
Her soft and dripping wing,
And sea-gulls white ply pinions light
In restless wandering.

But once the screaming sea-birds
Forsook that peaceful bay,
And once the clouds of battle
Obscured the golden day.

There flapped the sails of Sweden,
 There moored the Danish fleet,
 While soldiers brown within the town
 Marched down the narrow street.

Like panting hounds freed from the leash
 The ships sprang at the foe ;
 Upon the rocking decks the men
 Struck bravely blow on blow ;
 Loud clanged the piercing trumpet,
 Loud sounded blade and spear,
 And streams of blood mixed with the flood,
 'Mid groan and curse and cheer.

But where was noble Hoitfeldt ?—
 The foremost on the bay,
 Where breast to breast with danger
 He faced the thickest fray.
 Though blows rained fast about him
 His hand dealt stroke on stroke,—
 As if there stood in Danish wood
 A storm-defying oak.

Loud shrieked the wind. “Now yield thee !”
 The Swedish captain cried.
 Proud Hoitfeldt scorned to answer ;
 His arms alone replied.
 Loud shrieked the wind : scarce heard they
 The clash of blade on blade,
 In sail and mast so wild a blast
 Its martial music made.

Then came a cry, “Fire ! fire ! Our boat
 Drives toward the Danish ships !”
 Despair sat white on Hoitfeldt's brow
 And leaden on his lips.
 Who knows what are a brave man's thoughts
 Who looks in Death's dull eye

And thinks on wife and love and life
Yet bows his soul to die !

“ Shall my ship be the torch,” he cried,
“ To fire my country’s fleet ? ”

Alas ! the wind blew straight and strong
The Kjöge strand to greet.

He laid a fuse and lighted it
With steady hand and true,—
The shaken wave closed o’er the grave
Of him and all his crew.

The sea was black with splinters
Where that good ship had been ;
The grey smoke like a battle flag
Hung tattered in the din.
No other flag for Hoitfeldt
Should fly o’er other grave—
The fire his hand, to save his land,
Had lit above the wave.

Do Danish poets sing him
In their immortal lays ?
Do Danish maidens weep for him
In passion and in praise ?
Oh, ask not ! Death is silence,
We look with living eyes,
Low sounds the name and faint the fame
That cross two centuries.

But not for gold nor glory
The deathless act is wrought,
Nor springs from sudden impulse
Imperishable thought.
Through years of small, slow growth, through woe
And weal men never heed,
That soul has passed that flowers at last
In a heroic deed.

CURTIS MAY.

AT CAMPERDOWN

(October 11, 1797)

WE were lying calm and peaceful as an infant
lies asleep,

Rocked in the mighty cradle of the ever-restless
deep,

Or like a lion resting ere he rises to the fray,
His eyes half closed in slumber and half open for
the prey.

We had waited long, and restless was the spirit
of the fleet,

For the long-expected conquest and the long-
delayed defeat,

When uprose the mists of morning, as a curtain
rolls away

For a drama's tragic action in which none but
heroes play,

And athwart the sea to starboard waved the
colours high and free

Of the famous fighting squadron that usurped
the northern sea.

Quick the signal came for action, quick replied
we with a cheer,

For the friends at home behind us, and the foes
before so near ;

Three times three the cheering sounded, and
'mid deafening hurrahs

We sprang into position—five hundred lusty
tars.

And the cannons joined our shouting with a burly,
booming cheer

That aroused the hero's action, and awoke the
coward's fear ;

48 BATTLE AND BREEZE RECITER

And the lightning and the thunder gleamed and
 pealed athwart the scene,
 Till the noontide mist was greater than the
 morning mist had been,
 And the foeman and the stranger and the brother
 and the friend
 Were mingled in one seething mass the battle's
 end to end.

With broken spars and splintered, the decks
 were strewn anon,
 While the rigging, torn and tangled, hung the
 shattered yards upon ;
 Like a cataract of fire outpoured the steady
 cannonade,
 Till the strongest almost wavered and the
 bravest were dismayed.
 Like an endless swarm of locusts sprang they up
 our vessel's side,
 And scaled her burning bulwarks or fell back-
 ward in the tide.
 'Twas a fearful day of carnage, such as none had
 known before,
 In the fiercest naval battles of those gallant days
 of yore.

We had battled all the morning, 'mid the never-
 ceasing hail
 Of grape and spark and splinter, of cable shred,
 and sail ;
 We had thrice received their onslaught, which
 we thrice had driven back,
 And were waiting, calm and ready, for the last
 forlorn attack ;
 When a shout of exultation from out their
 ranks arose,

A frenzied shout of triumph o'er their yet unconquered foes,
 For the stainless flag of England, that has braved
 a thousand years,
 Had been shot clean from the masthead; and
 they gave three hearty cheers,
 "A prize! a prize!" they shouted, from end to
 end the host,
 Till a broadside gave them answer, and for ever
 stilled their boast.

Then a fearful struggle followed, as, to desperation spurred,
 They sought in deed the triumph they so falsely
 claimed in word.
 'Twas the purpose of a moment, and the bravest
 of our tars
 Plunged headlong in the boiling surf, amid the
 broken spars;
 He snatched the shot-torn colours, and wound
 them round his arm,
 Then climbed upon the deck again, and there
 stood safe and calm;
 He paused but for a moment—it was no time to
 stay—
 Then he leapt into the rigging that had yet
 survived the fray;
 Higher yet he climbed, and higher, till he gained
 a dizzy height,
 Then turned and paused a moment to look down
 upon the fight.
 Whistled wild the shots around him, as a curling,
 smoky wreath
 Formed a cloudy shroud to hide him from the
 enemy beneath.

50 BATTLE AND BREEZE RECITER

Beat his heart with proud elation as he firmly
took his stand,

And again the colours floated as he held them
in his hand.

Then a pistol deftly wielded, 'mid the battle's
ceaseless blast,

Fastened there the colours firmly, as he nailed
them to the mast ;

Then—as if to yield him glory—the smoke-
clouds cleared away,

And we sent him up a ringing cheer from out the
thickest fray,

With new-born zeal and courage dashing fiercely
to the fight,

To crown the day of battle with the triumph
of the night.

'Tis a story oft repeated, 'tis a triumph often won,
How a thousand hearts are strengthened by the
bravery of one :

There was never dauntless courage of the loyal
and the true

That did not inspire others unto deeds of daring too ;

There was never bright example, be the struggle
what it might,

That did not inflame the ardour of the others in
the fight.

Up, then, ye who would be heroes, and, before the
strife is past,

For the sake of those about you, “ nail the
colours to the mast.”

For the flag is ever flying, and it floats above the
free,

On island and on continent, and up and down
the sea ;

And the conflict ever rages—there are many
foes to fight,
There are many ills to conquer, there are many
wrongs to right.
For the glory of the moment, for the triumph
by and by,
For the love of Truth and Duty, up ! and do and
dare and die ;
And though fire and shot and whirlwind join to
tear the standard down,
Up ! and nail it to the masthead as we did at
Camperdown. ALFRED H. MILES.

THE LOST STANDARD

(1805)

UPON the field of Austerlitz
Napoleon stood when the day was o'er ;
“Legions of France !” he cried, “pass by,
Bearing your eagles stained with gore,
And torn with shot ; but show to France
That none are lost. Advance ! Advance !”
Then with a shout the legions rose—
Napoleon watched them marching by ;
Each flung its banner to the breeze,
And proudly sought the Emperor's eye.
Above the surging thousands toss'd
The precious eagles—not one lost.
Not one ? Without its fife and drum
A silent legion sadly tread ;
The weary men were dull and dumb—
There was no flag above their head :
The eagle that Napoleon gave
Floated no longer o'er the brave.

Then white with anger, "Halt!" he cried,
And sternly called the legion's name.

"Your eagle, men!—the flag I gave?

Why die you not for very shame?
Life hath been bought at shameful cost,
If honour and your flag are lost."

With martial tread two veterans step
From out the sad and silent band.

"Sire, we have fought where'er you led,
In Italy or Egypt's land.

Amid the thickest of the fray
Our eagle touched the earth to-day.

"And we, unable to retake,
Pressed where the stubborn foe came on.

Behold, our Emperor! for thy sake

Two other standards have we won;

Yet if our honour thou still doubt

Then let our lives the stain wipe out."

The Emperor bared his head; then said,

With misty eyes and eager breath:

"Heroes, you've *won* your eagle now—

Won it from out the jaws of death.

Pass on! those flags shall bear your name

Among the standards kept by Fame."

Beneath the Invalides' grand dome

Those famous standards still find room;

'Mong royal flags of many lands

They droop above Napoleon's tomb.

Such praise and glory have the brave

Who knew when honour's sign was lost

At any price, at any cost,

Honour itself to save.

LILLIE E. BARR.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR

(October 21, 1805)

HEARD ye the thunder of battle
Low in the South and afar ?
Saw ye the flash of the death-cloud
Crimson o'er Trafalgar ?
Such another day never
England will look on again,
When the battle fought was the hottest,
And the hero of heroes was slain !

For the fleet of France and the force of Spain
were gather'd for fight,
A greater than Philip their lord, a new Armada
in might :—
And the sails were aloft once more in the deep
Gaditanian bay,
Where *Redoubtable* and *Bucentaure* and great
Trinidad lay ;
Eager-reluctant to close ; for across the blood-
shed to be
Two navies beheld one prize in its glory,—the
throne of the sea !
Which were bravest, who should tell ? for both
were gallant and true ;
But the greatest seaman was ours, of all that
sail'd o'er the blue.
From Cadiz the enemy sallied : they knew not
Nelson was there ;
His name a navy to us, but to them a flag of
despair.
"Twixt Algeziras and Ayamonte he guarded the
coast,
Till he bore from Tavira south ; and they now
must fight, or be lost ;—

Vainly they steer'd for the Rock and the Midland
 sheltering sea,
 For he headed the Admirals round, constraining
 them under his lee,
 Villeneuve of France, and Gravina of Spain : so
 they shifted their ground,
 They could choose,—they were more than we ;
 —and they faced at Trafalgar round ;
 Rampart-like ranged in line, a sea-fortress
 angrily tower'd !
 In the midst, four-storied with guns, the dark
Trinidad lower'd.

So with those.—But meanwhile, as against some
 dyke that men massively rear,
 From on high the torrent surges, to drive
 through the dyke as a spear,
 Eagled-eyed e'en in his blindness, our chief sets
 his double array,
 Making the fleet two spears, to thrust at the foe,
 any way, . . .
 “ Anyhow !—without orders, each captain his
 Frenchman may grapple perforce :
 Collingwood first ” (yet the *Victory* ne'er a whit
 slacken'd her course)
 “ Signal for action ! Farewell ! we shall win,
 but we meet not again ! ”
 —Then a low thunder of readiness ran from the
 decks o'er the main,
 And on,—as the message from masthead to
 masthead flew out like a flame,
 ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS
 DUTY,—they came.
 —Silent they come :—While the thirty black
 forts of the foeman's array

Clothe them in billowy snow, tier speaking o'er tier
 as they lay ;
 Flashes that thrust and drew in, as swords when
 the battle is rife ;—
 But ours stood frowningly smiling, and ready for
 death as for life.
 —O in that interval grim, ere the furies of
 slaughter embrace,
 Thrills o'er each man some far echo of England ;
 some glance of some face !
 —Faces gazing seaward through tears from the
 ocean-girt shore ;
 Faces that ne'er can be gazed on again till the
 death-pang is o'er. . . .
 Lone in his cabin the Admiral kneeling, and all
 his great heart
 As a child's to the mother, goes forth to the
 loved one, who bade him depart
 . . . O not for death, but glory ! her smile
 would welcome him home !
 —Louder and thicker the thunderbolts fall :—
 and silent they come.

As when beyond Dongola the lion, whom
 hunters attack,
 Plagued by their darts from afar, leaps in,
 dividing them back ;
 So between Spaniard and Frenchman the *Victory*
 wedged with a shout,
 Gun against gun ; a cloud from her decks and
 lightning went out ;
 Iron hailing of pitiless death from the sulphury
 smoke ;
 Voices hoarse and parch'd, and blood from in-
 visible stroke.

Each man stood to his work, though his mates
 fell smitten around,
 As an oak of the wood, while his fellow, flame-
 shatter'd, besplinters the ground :—
 Gluttons of danger for England, but sparing the
 foe as he lay ;
 For the spirit of Nelson was on them, and each
 was Nelson that day.

“She has struck!”—he shouted—“She burns,
 the *Redoubtable* ! Save whom you can,
 Silence our guns ” :—for in him the woman was
 great in the man,
 In that heroic heart each drop girl-gentle and
 pure,
 Dying by those he spared ;—and now Death’s
 triumph was sure !
 From the deck the smoke-wreath clear’d, and
 the foe set his rifle in rest,
 Dastardly aiming, where Nelson stood forth, with
 the stars on his breast,—
 “In honour I gained them, in honour I die with
 them ” . . . Then, in his place,
 Fell . . . “Hardy ! ’tis over ; but let them not
 know ” ; and he cover’d his face.
 Silent, the whole fleet’s darling they bore to the
 twilight below :
 And above the war-thunder came shouting, as
 foe struck his flag after foe.

To his heart death rose : and for Hardy, the
 faithful, he cried in his pain,—
 “How goes the day with us, Hardy ? ” . . . “ ’Tis
 ours ” :—Then he knew, not in vain,
 Not in vain for his comrades and England he
 bled : how he left her secure,

Queen of her own blue seas, while his name and example endure.

O, like a lover he loved her ! for her as water he pours

Life-blood and life and love, lavish'd all for her sake, and for ours !

—“ Kiss me, Hardy !—Thank God !—I have done my duty ! ”—And then

Fled that heroic soul, and left not his like among men.

Hear ye the heart of a nation

Groan for her saviour is gone ;

Gallant and true and tender,

Child and chieftain in one ?

Such another day never

England will weep for again,

When the triumph darken'd the triumph,

And the hero of heroes was slain.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

NAPOLEON AND THE YOUNG ENGLISH SAILOR

I LOVE contemplating—apart

From all his homicidal glory—

The traits that soften to our heart

Napoleon's story.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne

Armed in our island every freeman,

His navy chanced to capture one

Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,

Unprisoned on the shore to roam ;

And aye was bent his youthful brow

On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
 Of birds to Britain, half-way over,
 With envy—*they* could reach the white
 Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
 Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
 If but the storm his vessel brought
 To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
 He saw one morning, dreaming, doating,
 An empty hogshead from the deep
 Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
 The livelong day, laborious, lurking,
 Until he launched a tiny boat
 By mighty working.

Oh dear me ! 'twas a thing beyond
 Description !—such a wretched wherry,
 Perhaps, ne'er ventured on a pond,
 Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea field,
 It would have made the boldest shudder ;
 Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,—
 No sail—no rudder.

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
 His sorry skiff with wattled willows ;
 And thus equipped he would have passed
 The foaming billows.

A French guard caught him on the beach,
 His little Argo sorely jeering.
 Till tidings of him chanced to reach
 Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
 Serene alike in peace and danger,
 And, in his wonted attitude,
 Addressed the stranger.

“Rash youth, that wouldst yon channel pass
 On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned,
 Thy heart with some sweet English lass
 Must be impassioned.”

“I have no sweetheart,” said the lad;
 “But, absent years from one another,
 Great was the longing that I had
 To see my mother.”

“And so thou shalt,” Napoleon said,
 “You’ve both my favour justly won,
 A noble mother must have bred
 So brave a son.”

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
 And, with a flag of truce, commanded
 He should be shipped to England old,
 And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift,
 To find a dinner, plain and hearty,
 But never changed the coin and gift
 Of Buonaparte.—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE FALL OF D’ASSAS

ALONE, through gloomy forest shades,
 A soldier went by night;
 No moonbeam pierced the dusky glades,
 No star shed guiding light;
 Yet, on his vigil’s midnight round,
 The youth all cheerly passed,
 Unchecked by aught of boding sound,
 That muttered in the blast.

Where were his thoughts that lonely hour ?

In his far home, perchance—

His father's hall—his mother's bower,

'Midst the gay vines of France.

—Hush ! hark ! did stealing steps go by ?

Came not faint whispers near ?

No !—The wild wind hath many a sigh,

Amidst the foliage sere.

Hark ! yet again !—and from his hand

What grasp hath wrenched the blade ?

O, single, 'midst a hostile band,

Young soldier, thou'rt betrayed !

“ Silence ! ” in under-tones they cry ;

“ No whisper—not a breath !

The sound that warns thy comrades nigh

Shall sentence thee to death.”

Still at the bayonet's point he stood

And strong to meet the blow ;

And shouted, midst his rushing blood,

“ Arm ! arm !—Auvergne !—the foe ! ”

The stir—the tramp—the bugle-call—

He heard their tumults grow ;

And sent his dying voice through all :

“ Auvergne ! Auvergne ! the foe ! ”

FELICIA HEMANS.

MARCO BOZZARIS

At midnight, in his guarded tent,

The Turk was dreaming of the hour

When Greece, her knee in supplicance bent,

Should tremble at his power ;

In dreams, through camp and court he bore

The trophies of a conqueror.

At midnight, in the forest shades,

Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True, as the steel of tempered blades,—
Heroes in heart and hand.

There had the Persians' thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood

On old Plataea's day ;
And now they breathed that haunted air—
The sons of sires who conquered there—
With arm to strike and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they !

An hour passed on :—the Turk awoke ;—
That bright dream was his last ;—

He woke—to hear his sentries shriek, [Greek !]
“ To arms !—they come !—the Greek, the

Bozzaris cheered his band,
“ Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
Heaven—and your native land ! ”

They fought like brave men, long and well,
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell
Bleeding at every vein.

His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won ;

They saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !
When mother feels her first-born's breath !
Earthquake-shock, or Ocean storm ;
Come, when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,—

And thou art terrible !—the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine !

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice is as a prophet's word ;
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The praise of millions yet to be !
 Come, when his task of fame is wrought ;
 Come, with the laurel-leaf, blood-bought ;
 Come, in the crowning hour ; and then,
 Thy sunken eyes' unearthly light
 To him is welcome, as the sight
 Of sky and stars to prisoned men.

Bozzaris ! she who gave thee birth
 Will, by the pilgrim-circled hearth,
 Talk of thy doom, without a sigh ;
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's ;
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die.—HALLECK.

THE LOSS OF THE *BIRKENHEAD*

(February 25, 1852)

The *Birkenhead* was lost off the coast of Africa by striking on a hidden rock, when the soldiers on board sacrificed themselves in order that the boats might be left free for the women and children.

RIGHT on our flank the sun was dropping down ;
 The deep sea heaved around in bright repose ;
 When, like the wild shriek from some captured
 A cry of women rose. [town,
 The stout ship *Birkenhead* lay hard and fast,
 Caught without hope upon a hidden rock ;

Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when thro' them
 The spirit of that shock ; [passed

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks
 In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
 Drifted away, disorderly, the planks
 From underneath her keel.

So calm the air—so calm and still the flood,
 That low down in its blue translucent glass
 We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood,
 Pass slowly, then repass.

They tarried, the waves tarried, for their prey !
 The sea turned one clear smile ! Like things
 asleep

Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay,
 As quiet as the deep.

Then amidst oath, and prayer, and rush, and
 wreck,

Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,
 Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck
 Form'd us in line to die.

To die !—'twas hard, while the sleek ocean glow'd
 Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers :
All to the Boats ! cried one—he was, thank God,
 No officer of ours.

Our English hearts beat true—we would not stir ;
 That base appeal we heard, but heeded not :
 On land, on sea, we had our Colours, sir,
 To keep without a spot.

They shall not say in England that we fought,
 With shameful strength, unhonour'd life to seek ;
 Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought
 By trampling down the weak.

64 BATTLE AND BREEZE RECITER

So we made women with their children go,
The oars ply back again, and yet again ;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still, under steadfast men.

—What follows, why recall?—The brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf,
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide
As others under turf.

They sleep as well ! and, roused from their wild
grave,

Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again,
Joint heirs with Christ, because they bled to save
His weak ones, not in vain.

If that day's work no clasp or medal mark,
If each proud heart no cross of bronze may press,
Nor cannon thunder loud from Tower or Park,
This feel we none the less :

That those whom God's high grace there saved
from ill,

Those also left His martyrs in the bay,
Though not by siege, though not in battle, still
Full well had earned their pay.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
“Forward, the Light Brigade,
Charge for the guns !” he said.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade !”

Was there a man dismay'd ?

Not tho' the soldier knew

Some one had blunder'd.

Theirs not to make reply,

Theirs not to reason why,

Theirs but to do and die.

Into the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,

Cannon to left of them,

Cannon in front of them

Volley'd and thunder'd ;

Stormed at with shot and shell,

Boldly they rode and well,

Into the jaws of Death,

Into the mouth of Hell

Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,

Flash'd as they turned in air,

Sabring the gunners there,

Charging an army, while

All the world wonder'd ;

Plunged in the battery smoke,

Right thro' the line they broke,

Cossack and Russian

Reel'd from the sabre stroke

Shatter'd and sunder'd.

Then they rode back, but not—

Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,

Cannon to left of them,

Cannon behind them,

Volley'd and thunder'd ;

The dying Scottish laddie, with hand raised to
 his head, [said—
 Saluted Britain's Sovereign, and with an effort
 "And may it please your Majesty, I'm noo
 about to dee, [tree.
 I'd like to rest wi' mither, beneath the auld raugh
 "But weel I ken, your Majesty, it canna, mauna be,
 Yet, God be thanked, I might hae slept wi' ithers
 o'er the sea, [a comrade fell,
 'Neath Balaclava's crimsoned sward, where many
 But now I'll rest on Medway's bank, in sound
 of Christian bell."

She held a bouquet in her hand, and from it
 then she chose [rose ;
 For the dying soldier laddie a lovely snow-white
 And when the lad they buried, clasped in his
 hand was seen
 The simple little snowy flower, the gift of
 Britain's Queen.—JAMES WILLIAMS.

SAINT FILOMENA

(The Angel at the Front)

It was the practice of Florence Nightingale to pay a last visit to the wards of the military hospital in the Crimea, after the doctors and the other nurses had retired for the night. Bearing a light in her hand, she passed from bed to bed and from ward to ward, until she became known as "The Lady of the Lamp."

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
 Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
 Our hearts, in glad surprise,
 To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
 Into our inmost being rolls,
 And lifts us unawares
 Out of our meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low !

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starred and frozen camp.

The wounded from the battle-plain
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo ! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see,
Pass through the glimmering gloom
And flit from room to room.

And slow as in a dream of bliss
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

In England's annals through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type and good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor ever shall be wanting here
 The palm, the lily, and the spear,
 The symbols that of yore
 St. Filomena bore.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

DANDY JACK

HE wasn't much of a scholar,
 That is as scholars go,
 Was weak a bit in the classics ;
 Could better box and row,
 A bit of a swell in collars,
 In neckties, gloves, and hose,
 In hats and boots and walking-sticks,
 And ever the best of clothes.
 He drawled a bit when speaking ;
 Had always a glass in his eye ;
 The ladies called him Dandy Jack,
 And said he never would die
 Facing the guns and fighting,—
 For Jack was a soldier-swell,
 He didn't look much like it—
 But there—you never can tell.

When orders came for the Dandy
 To sail for the far Crimea,
 Many there were who whispered then,
 "He'll sell out, never fear."
 "Fool enough for the girls," said they,
 "To pass the time in the park,
 He'll do to row on the river,
 To flirt with, chaff, and to lark :
 But to fight on scanty rations,
 And sometimes none of the best ;
 To shiver in rags and tatters,—
 He never would stand the test.

70 BATTLE AND BREEZE RECITER

“ Would he live out in the trenches,
Where the bullets ping their song,
And the fiery shell from the jaws of hell,
Fling death as they hurry along ?
Could he stand the cold and hunger ?
Or sleep on a bed of snow ?
Or lead the living on over the dead ?
He hadn't the bone and the pluck,” they
said,
And swore he never would go.

But he went and he looked quite happy,
In his languid sort of way.
Throwing a kiss, he left the pier
Midst many a sigh and many a tear,
As the crowd sent up a deaf'ning cheer—
And the good ship sailed away.
And the soldiers learnt to love him,
Though they chaffed him more and more ;
And the sailors winked when they heard him
talk,
Swearing he'd turn as white as chalk
When he heard the cannon roar.
But somehow or other he didn't ;
He stood as firm as the rest,
And there came a day when soldiers old
Held their breath when the tale was told
How Dandy Jack, the hero bold,
Fought when put to the test.

'Twas midst the din of battle
When hurtling bullets flew,
And screeching shells went hissing
Their deadly work to do ;
'Twas where men dead and dying
Lay everywhere around

And madden'd steeds were plunging
On bloodstained slippery ground,
'Twas there Jack saved the colours
Whilst fighting six to one ;
'Twas there he showed the courage,
Worthy a British son.

Now when they saw him fighting
Like a lion held at bay,
They cheered him like true Britons
With three times three hooray !
They saw him wave the colours,
As he swung his sword around,
And foes grew less in number
As they sank upon the ground.
They saw them falling singly
Beneath his trusty blade,
And when Jack sank upon the ground
Where his six foes were laid,
Though broken, thinned, and scattered,
A furious charge they made
And rallied there upon the spot
Where Dandy Jack was laid.
Then down the hill they bore him,
And, as they passed along,
The wounded cheered their captain
And the dying joined the song.
'Twas thus to camp they brought him,
The hero of the day.
Beneath the sod they laid him
In their rough and tender way.
Thus in the thick of battle fell
Their idol and their pride,
Who so bravely stood whilst fighting
And so bravely fighting died.

And when the night is lighted
 By the camp fires' ruddy glow,
 Then often is the story told
 To soldiers young by veterans old,
 How Dandy Jack, the brave, the bold,
 Fought the foreign foe.
 So we gather from the story
 Of him they learned to love,
 That the sword may well be wielded
 By the hand that wears the glove ;
 That British pluck may simmer
 Beneath the best of clothes ;
 That he who drawls may fight as well
 As he who utters oaths.

RICHARD BLAKEBOROUGH.

HOPE EVERLASTING

THEY tell the tale unsmiling,
 Old men, their hours beguiling
 As they can ;
 Each annual November
 They sadden who remember
 Inkerman.
 Yet of that field one story
 Shines through the gloom and glory
 Of the fight ;
 Over the cannons' roaring
 There sings a lark-song soaring
 Out of sight.
 Aloof, where men lay bleeding,
 In fatal pain whose pleading
 Made no cry,
 Shot-pierced and sabre-smitten,
 A young and gallant Briton
 Crept to die.

At sunset there they found him
 With the red snow around him,
 And his hand
 Laid on the Book whose healing
 All hearts to heaven appealing
 Understand.

And 'neath his frozen fingers
 Those words whose hope outlingers
 Human strife
 Glowed like a star's reflection,—
 "I am the Resurrection
 And the Life."

Comrades to burial bore him,
 But not death's rending tore him
 From his prize,
 For to his hand caressing
 Still clung the leaf whose blessing
 Closed his eyes.

O Christian song supernal,
 Words sweetest Love eternal
 Ever said !

Peace at your call comes flying,
 And they who clasp you dying
 Are not dead.—THERON BROWN.

THE BURIAL OF THE LEGIONARY

I WAS the first who saw him fall ;
 We buried him—just where we found him,
 Wrapped in his tattered crimson shirt,
 His sword-belt buckled still around him.
 "Vive Garibaldi !" as he fell,
 He cried, and made a faint endeavour
 To breathe, I thought, another name,
 And then his lips were mute for ever.

Poor Charley Grey !—the heavy tears
 Fell from my eyes, I must acknowledge :
 We met at school in boyish years,
 And we were steady friends at college.
 We parted :—when I found him here,
 He had grown yellow, thin, despondent ;
 He was an English Volunteer,
 And I a Special Correspondent.

Some girls at home will grieve for him ;
 Ay, and I think I know another
 Will weep to hear of Charley's death,
 Though now she's married and a mother.
 He told me all the story once !
 He never could be brought to blame her ;
 I know his very latest breath
 Was spent in an attempt to name her.

They said that he was wild and bad ;
 They told her nothing good could win him ;
 Perhaps he was a little wild,
 But nothing bad was ever in him ;
 There was no trace in Charley's heart
 Of aught unmanly, base, or common ;
 He never yet deceived a man,
 He never would have wronged a woman.

Fame might have found him, had he lived,
 Although he neither prized nor sought it,
 For Charley was a hero born,
 And yet, I know, he never thought it ;
 Not even 'neath the scarlet shirt
 Of Italy's own chieftain yonder,
 Beat there a braver heart than his,
 A heart more faithful, truer, fonder.

And I am glad poor Charley's found
 So fit a scene as this to die in.
 A camp like this affords a grave
 Meet for a heart like his to lie in.
 Even as this camp, his heart poured out
 Such hero hopes, such victor gladness,
 Like yonder rocket, fiery gleams,
 Like yonder bugle, strains of sadness.

His old cigar-case I have kept ;
 Until I die it will remind me
 Of early friendship, of the friend
 I leave in Italy behind me.
 No coffin holds his gallant limbs ;
 He needs no epitaph or urn—no,—
 His noblest epitaph will be,
 He fought and fell by the Volturmo.—ANON.

THE RED THREAD OF HONOUR

(Told to the author by the late Sir Charles James Napier)

ELEVEN men of England
 A breastwork charged in vain ;
 Eleven men of England
 Lie stripped, and gashed, and slain.
 Slain ; but of foes that guarded
 Their rock-built fortress well,
 Some twenty had been mastered,
 When the last soldier fell.

Whilst Napier piloted his wondrous way
 Across the sand-waves of the desert sea,
 Then flashed at once, on each fierce clan, dismay,
 Lord of their wild Truckee,

76 BATTLE AND BREEZE RECITER

These missed the glen to which their steps were bent,

Mistook a mandate, from afar half heard,
And, in that glorious error, calmly went
To death without a word.

The robber chief mused deeply,
Above those daring dead ;
“ Bring here,” at length he shouted,
“ Bring quick, the battle thread.
Let Eblis blast for ever
Their souls, if Allah will ;
But we must keep unbroken
The old rules of the Hill.

“ Before the Ghiznee tiger
Leapt forth to burn and slay ;
Before the holy Prophet
Taught our grim tribes to pray ;
Before Secunder’s lances
Pierced through each Indian glen ;
The mountain laws of honour
Were framed for fearless men.

“ Still when a chief dies bravely,
We bind with green one wrist—
Green for the brave, for heroes
One crimson thread we twist.
Say ye, oh gallant Hillmen,
For these, whose life has fled,
Which is the fitting colour,
The green one, or the red ? ”

“ Our brethren, laid in honoured graves, may wear
Their green reward,” each noble savage said :
“ To these, whom hawks and hungry wolves shall
Who dares deny the red ? ”

[tear,

Thus conquering hate, and steadfast to the right,
 Fresh from the heart that haughty verdict came;
 Beneath a waning moon, each spectral height
 Rolled back its loud acclaim.

Once more the chief gazed keenly
 Down on those daring dead ;
 From his good sword their hearts' blood
 Crept to that crimson thread.
 Once more he cried, " The judgment,
 Good friends, is wise and true,
 But though the red be given,
 Have we not more to do ?

" These were not stirred by anger,
 Nor yet by lust made bold ;
 Renown they thought above them,
 Nor did they look for gold.
 To them their leader's signal
 Was as the voice of God ;
 Unmoved, and uncomplaining,
 The path it showed they trod.

" As without sound or struggle,
 The stars unhurrying march,
 Where Allah's finger guides them,
 Through yonder purple arch.
 These Franks, sublimely silent,
 Without a quickened breath,
 Went, in the strength of duty,
 Straight to their goal of death.

" If I were now to ask you
 To name our bravest man,
 Ye all at once would answer,
 They called him Mehrab Khan.

He sleeps among his fathers,
 Dear to our native land,
 With the bright mark he bled for
 Firm round his faithful hand.

“The songs they sing of Roostrum
 Fill all the past with light ;
 If truth be in their music,
 He was a noble knight.
 But were those heroes living,
 And strong for battle still,
 Would Mehrab Khan or Roostrum
 Have climbed, like these, the Hill ? ”

And they replied, “Though Mehrab Khan was
 brave

As chief, he chose himself what risks to run ;
 Prince Roostrum lied, his forfeit life to save,
 Which these had never done.”

“Enough ! ” he shouted fiercely ;
 “Doomed though they be to hell,
 Bind fast the crimson trophy
 Round BOTH wrists—bind it well.
 Who knows but that great Allah
 May grudge such matchless men,
 With none so decked in heaven,
 To the fiends’ flaming den ? ”

Then all those gallant robbers
 Shouted a stern “Amen ! ”
 They raised the slaughtered sergeant,
 They raised his mangled ten.
 And when we found their bodies
 Left bleaching in the wind,
 Around BOTH wrists in glory
 That crimson thread was twined.

Then Napier's knightly heart, touched to the
core,

Rung like an echo to that knightly deed ;
He bade its memory live for evermore,
That those who run may read.

SIR F. H. DOYLE.

THE FIGHT AT RORKE'S DRIFT

(January 23, 1879)

It was over at Isandula, the bloody work was
done,

And the yet unburied dead looked up unblinking
at the sun ;

Eight hundred men of Britain's best had signed
with blood the story

Which England leaves to time, and lay there
scanted e'en of glory.

Stewart Smith lay smiling by the gun he spiked
before he died ;

But gallant Gardner lived to write a warning and
to ride

A race for England's honour and to cross the
Buffalo,

To bid them at Rorke's Drift expect the coming
of the foe.

That band of lusty British lads camped in the
hostile land

Rose up upon the word with Chard and Brom-
head to command ;

An hour upon the foe that hardy race had barely
won,

But in it all that men could do those British lads
had done.

80 BATTLE AND BREEZE RECITER

And when the Zulus on the hill appeared, a dusky host,

They found our gallant English boys' "pale faces" at their post ;

But paler faces were behind, within the barricade—

The faces of the sick who rose to give their watchers aid.

Five men to one the first dark wave of battle brought, it bore

Down swiftly, while our youngsters waited steadfast as the shore ;

Behind the slender barricade, half-hidden, on their knees,

They marked the stealthy current glide beneath the orchard trees.

Then forth the volley blazed, then rose the deadly reek of war ;

The dusky ranks were thinned ; the chieftain, slain by young Dunbar,

Rolled headlong ; their phalanx broke, but formed as soon as broke,

And with a yell the furies that avenge man's blood awoke.

The swarthy wave sped on and on, pressed forward by the tide,

Which rose above the bleak hill-top, and swept the bleak hill-side ;

It rose upon the hill, and, surging out about its base,

Closed house and barricade within its murderous embrace.

With savage faces girt, the lads' frail fortress
 seemed to be
 An island all abloom within a black and howling
 sea ;
 And only that the savages shot wide, and held
 the noise
 As deadly as the bullets, they had overwhelmed
 the boys.

Then in the dusk of day the dusky Kaffirs crept
 about
 The bushes and the prairie-grass, to rise up with
 a shout,
 To step as in a war-dance, all together, and to
 fling
 Their weight against the sick-house till they
 made its timbers spring.

When beaten back, they struck their shields, and
 thought to strike with fear
 Those British hearts,—their answer came, a
 ringing British cheer !
 And the volley we sent after showed the Kaffirs
 to their cost
 The coolness of our temper,—scarce an ounce of
 shot was lost.

And the sick men from their vantage at the
 windows singled out
 From among the valiant savages the bravest of
 the rout ;
 A pile of fourteen warriors lay dead upon the
 ground
 By the hand of Joseph Williams, and there led
 up to the mound

A path of Zulu bodies on the Welshman's line of
fire,
Ere he perished, dragged out, assegaied, and
trampled in their ire ;
But the body takes its honour or dishonour from
the soul,
And his name is writ in fire upon our nation's
long bead-roll.

Yet, let no name of any man be set above the
rest,
Where all were braver than the brave, each better
than the rest,
Where the sick rose up as heroes, and the sound
had hearts for those
Who, in madness of their fever, were contending
as with foes.

For the hospital was blazing, roof and wall, and in
its light
The Kaffirs showed like devils, till so deadly grew
the fight
That they cowered into cover, and one moment
all was still,
When a Kaffir chieftain bellowed forth new
orders from the hill.

Then the Zulu warriors rallied, formed again,
and hand to hand
We fought above the barricade ; determined
was the stand ;
Our fellows backed each other up,—no wavering
and no haste,
But loading in the Kaffirs' teeth, and not a shot
to waste.

We had held on through the dusk, and we had
 held on in the light
 Of the burning house ; and later, in the dimness
 of the night,
 They could see our fairer faces ; we could find
 them by their cries,
 By the flash of savage weapons and the glare of
 savage eyes.

With the midnight came a change—the angry
 sea at length was cowed,
 Its waves still broke upon us, but fell fainter and
 less loud ;
 And when the “pale face” of the dawn rose
 glimmering from his bed
 The last black sullen wave swept off and bore
 away the dead.

That island all abloom with English youth, and
 fortified
 With English valour, stood above the wild,
 retreating tide ;
 Those lads contemned Canute, and shamed the
 lesson that he read,—
 From them the hungry waves withdrew, the
 howling ocean fled.

Britannia, rule, Britannia ! while thy sons
 resemble thee,
 And are islanders, true islanders, wherever they
 may be ;
 Islands fortified like this, islanders like these,
 Will keep thee, Lady of thy Land, and Sovereign
 of all Seas !

EMILY PFEIFFER.

“THAT’S NOT THE WAY AT SEA”

Reply of Captain Bouchier, of the training-ship *Goliath*, when his boys entreated him to save himself from the burning wreck, 1876.

HE stood upon the fiery deck,
 Our captain kind and brave !
 He would not leave the burning wreck,
 While there was one to save.
 We wanted him to go before,
 And we would follow fast ;
 We could not bear to leave him there,
 Beside the blazing mast.
 But his voice rang out in a cheery shout
 And noble words spake he :
 “ That’s not the way at sea, my boys,
 That’s not the way at sea ! ”

So each one did as he was bid,
 And into the boats we passed,
 While closer came the scorching flame,
 And our captain was the last.
 Yet once again he dared his life,
 One little lad to save.
 Then we pulled to shore from the blaze and roar,
 With our captain kind and brave.
 In the face of death, with its fiery breath,
 He had stood,—and so would we,
 For that’s the way at sea, my boys,
 For that’s the way at sea !

Now let the noble words resound,
 And echo far and free,
 Wherever English hearts are found,
 On English shore or sea,
 The iron nerve of duty, joined
 With golden vein of love,

Can dare to do, and dare to wait,
 With courage from above.
 Our captain's shout among the flames,
 A watchword long shall be,—
 "That's not the way at sea, my boys,
 That's not the way at sea."

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

BLAIR, THE REGULAR

(An incident of the Battle of San Juan, July 1, 1898)

BLAIR, the regular, wounded lay
 On the slope of San Juan hill;
 Near by were two of the volunteers,
 Bleeding and faint and still;
 And farther up, in a palm-tree hid,
 A Spaniard with deadly gun
 Took cruel aim at the men below,
 Dropping them one by one.

One volunteer, with a feeble hand,
 Fought with the plaguing flies;
 It told the fact of lingering life
 To the Spaniard's watchful eyes.
 He raised his gun to his shoulder then,
 And a bullet sang afar;
 It hit the hat of the wounded man,
 Who lay on the left of Blair.

Another! The boy on the right hand winced,
 And uttered a moan of pain;
 Another! Blair looked at his reddened blouse
 And muttered, "I'm hit again,
 But there's one more load in my old gun,"—
 His brow grew black with a frown,—
 "And I vow I'll shoot that Spanish brute,
 Who fires on men that are down."

Weak were his hands as he raised his gun,
 But steady his eye and aim;
 Soon, round the trunk of the shielding palm,
 The head of the Spaniard came;
 Then up from the slope the Springfield spoke
 And answered the Mauser well;
 Blair, the regular, grimly smiled
 As the Spaniard shrieked and fell.

The volunteer who lay on the left
 Moaned "Water!" again and again.
 Said Blair, "By making a double-quick
 I may capture a full canteen."
 So, firmly shutting his whitening lips,
 He crept where the Spaniard lay,
 Secured the prize and crawled slowly back;—
 Ah, painful and long seemed the way!

"You first," said both of the volunteers,
 As he held out the full canteen:
 They saw his blood-stained blouse, and they knew
 Right well what its cost had been;
 Blair could but whisper to answer them,
 One hand on his bleeding side,
 "You fellows have homes somewhere," said he,
 "I'm a regular." Then he died.

Sidney of England, make room! Make room
 In thy niche of courtly fame.
 While side by side with thine own we write
 Another nobleman's name!
 Blair, the regular! Homeless no more.
 Since thy death's heroic day
 Thy name and the fame of thy gallant deed
 Are homed in our hearts for aye.

IDA REED SMITH.

BROWN OF ARGENTINE

AMONG the deeds of heroes is the deed of William
 Brown,
 A man who fought the Spanish when the Spanish
 power went down,
 A man who fought the Spanish when the Spanish
 power prevailed,
 A man of Irish blood and birth, whose courage
 never quailed.
 The patriots held Argentine, although their
 power was new,
 While the Spanish power was strongest in the
 province of Peru.
 So round the Horn sailed William Brown, and at
 his peak were seen
 The stripes of blue and white which make the
 flag of Argentine.
 He captured merchant prizes at the mouth of
 Spanish ports,
 He drove Callao's gunboats to the shelter of the
 forts,
 But not these common deeds of war were fitting
 to reveal
 The hero in the man who fought—and lost—at
 Guayaquil;
 Who lost, but in the losing set one act to contra-
 vene—
 None nobler ever done beneath the flag of
 Argentine.
 In eighteen hundred ten and six his little fleet
 bore down
 Upon the forts and batteries which armed the
 Spanish town.

The water warred against the land, and gun
replied to gun ;

One fort, one battery succumbed ; the day
seemed nearly won.

And on the *Trinidad* there stood, with visage
calm and keen,

The commodore who fought beneath the flag of
Argentine.

But now came reinforcements to the Spaniard,
one which bore,

Upon the gallant *Trinidad* and drove her on
the shore.

Up swarmed the Spanish infantry, rejoicing at
the squall

Which gave them all they failed to win with
powder and with ball,

And though no braver man than Brown e'er wore
the Irish green,

Down came the white and azure of the flag of
Agrentine.

Surrendered was the ship, but not surrendered
was the man ;

Back to the stern he made his way, disrobing as
he ran.

One moment shines his body in the light, and
then eclipse !

And the commodore is swimming to the second
of his ships,

When, hark ! the sound of slaughter—curses,
cries, and shots between,

They slay the men who fought beneath the flag
of Argentine.

What can he do to save them ? Shall he leave
them to their fate ?

No ! not one quivering instant does the brave
man hesitate.

He buffets back, he climbs aboard, he scurries
down the hatch,

He rushes to the magazine, he grasps a flaming
match.

Appalled, the Spaniards see him stand above
the magazine.

“ Respect,” he cries, “ the laws of war and the
flag of Argentine ! ”

Was ever stranger sight than this ? The wild
wolves at their prey,

One man come back from safety to bid their
slaughter stay,

Unarmoured and unarmed, and yet he dares to
give commands,

And see ! the Spaniards heed him and stay their
bloody hands.

Oh, gallant, gallant was the deed by which this
naked Thor

Turned beasts to men and victims into prisoners
of war.

All honour to the man who risked his all to inter-
vene,

And stepped ashore clad only in the flag of
Argentine !

J. EDMUND VANCE COOK.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,

As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;

Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot

O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
 The sod with our bayonets turning,
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
 his head,
 And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
 But nothing he'll reck if they let him sleep on,
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our weary task was done,
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring,
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
 We carved not a line—we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone in his glory.

REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

“Some Sikhs and a privato of the Buffs, having remained behind with the grog-carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next morning they were brought before the authorities, and commanded to perform the *kotou*. The Sikhs obeyed; but Moyse, the English soldier, declaring that he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, was immediately knocked upon the head, and his body thrown on a dunghill.”—*See China Correspondent of the “Times.”*

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
 He jested, quaffed, and swore;
 A drunken private of the Buffs,
 Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
 He stands in Elgin's place,
 Ambassador from Britain's crown,
 And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
 Bewildered, and alone,
 A heart, with English instinct fraught,
 He yet can call his own.
 Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
 Bring cord, or axe, or flame:
 He only knows, that not through *him*
 Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seem'd,
 Like dreams, to come and go;
 Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd,
 One sheet of living snow;
 The smoke, above his father's door,
 In grey soft eddyings hung:
 Must he then watch it rise no more,
 Doom'd by himself, so young?

Yes, honour calls !—with strength like steel
 He put the vision by.
 Let dusky Indians whine and kneel ;
 An English lad must die.
 And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
 With knee to man unbent,
 Unflinching on its dreadful brink,
 To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed ;
 Vain, those all-shattering guns ;
 Unless proud England keep, untamed,
 The strong heart of her sons,
 So, let his name through Europe ring—
 A man of mean estate,
 Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
 Because his soul was great.

SIR F. H. DOYLE.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE *NORTHFLEET*

So often is the proud deed done
 By men like this at Duty's call ;
 So many are the honours won
 For us, we cannot wear them all !

They make the heroic commonplace,
 And dying thus the natural way ;
 And yet our world-wide English race
 Feels nobler for that death to-day !

It stirs us with a sense of wings
 That strive to lift the earthiest soul ;
 It brings the thoughts that fathom things
 To anchor fast where billows roll.

Love was so new, and life so sweet,
 But at the call he left the wine,
 And sprang full-statured to his feet,
 Responsive to the touch divine.

*“ Nay, dear, I cannot see you die.
 For me, I have my work to do
 Up here. Down to the boat. Good-bye,
 God bless you. I shall see it through.”*

We read, until the vision dims
 And drowns ; but, ere the pang be past,
 A tide of triumph overbrims
 And breaks with light from heaven at last.

Through all the blackness of that night
 A glory streams from out the gloom ;
 His steadfast spirit lifts the light
 That shines till night is overcome.

The sea will do its worst, and life
 Be sobbed out in a bubbling breath ;
 But firmly in the coward strife
 There stands a man who has conquered Death !

A soul that masters wind and wave,
 And towers above a sinking deck ;
 A bridge across the gaping grave ;
 A rainbow rising o’er the wreck.

Others he saved ; he saved the name
 Unsullied that he gave his wife :
 And dying with so pure an aim,
 He had no need to save his life !

Lord, how they shame the life we live,
 These sailors of our sea-girt isle,
 Who cheerily take what thou mayst give,
 And go down with a heavenward smile !

The men who sow their lives to yield
 A glorious crop in lives to be :
 Who turn to England's harvest-field
 The unfruitful furrows of the sea.

With such a breed of men so brave,
 The Old Land has not had her day ;
 But long her strength, with crested wave,
 Shall ride the Seas, the proud old way.

GERALD MASSEY.

THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE ENGLISH AFTER ALL

I'VE been meditating lately on some verses I
 have read,
 And there's something in the verses after all.
 It was in the *Boston Transcript* that they first
 were published,
 And there's something in the transcript
 after all.

They are by a friendly critic, and I'm introducing
 him
 That he may give his verses after all ;
 That I may honour humour and he may honour
 vim,
 And there's something in the honour after all.
 (EDITOR)

I've been meditating lately that, when everything
 is told,
 There's something in the English after all.
 They may be too bent on conquest, and too
 eager after gold,
 But there's something in the English after all.

Though their sins and faults are many, and I
won't exhaust my breath

By endeavouring to tell you of them all,
Yet they have a sense of duty, and they'll face
it to the death,
So there's something in the English after all.

If you're wounded by a savage foe, and bugles
sound "Retire!"

There's something in the English after all.
You may bet your life they'll carry you beyond
the zone of fire,
For there's something in the English after all.

Yes, though their guns are empty, and their
blood be ebbing fast,

And to stay by wounded comrades be to fall,
Yet they'll set their teeth like bulldogs, and
protect you to the last,
Or they'll die like English soldiers after all.

When a British ship is lost at sea, oh, then I
know you'll find

That there's something in the English after all.
There's no panic rush for safety, where the weak
are left behind,
For there's something in the English after all.

Though foreign foes may hate them, and would
joy in their decline,

Yet there's something in the English after
all.

They may scorn the scanty numbers of the thin
red British line,

Yet they fear its lean battalions after all.

For they know that, from the colonel to the
 drummer in the band,
 There is not a single soldier of them all
 But would go to blind destruction, were their
 country to command,
 And call it simply duty—after all.

GOD SAVE THE KING !

God save our gracious King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King !
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the King !

O Lord our God, arise,
 Scatter his enemies,
 And make them fall !
 Confound their politics,
 Frustrate their knavish tricks,
 On Thee our hopes we fix—
 God save us all !

Thy choicest gifts in store
 On him be pleased to pour,
 Long may he reign !
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing, with heart and voice,
 God save the King.